

TWENTY CENTS

MACLEAN'S

"CANADA'S NATIONAL MAGAZINE"

DECEMBER
1918

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MACLEAN'S

"CANADA'S NATIONAL MAGAZINE"

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The Minx Goes to the Front

A Story of the Reconquered Districts of France

By C. N. and A. M. Williamson

Joint Authors of "The Lightning Conductor," "The Princess Pagan," etc.

Illustrated by Charles L. Wilson

FRANCIS THE FIRST built this town, and the Germans certainly would have destroyed it had they given time. The story begins at that house in the Canal de la Marne-a-Rhone, flowing towards Rheims, must have made them feel that they should be there to play with Rhodora, that they had scraped it in 1870. But time passed, and in 1914 they were obliged to go to the small insignificant village, and to Serres-le-Duc, Envergnon and Erpigny what they'd missed doing in Virey. In Serres-le-Duc and all the district round, a certain Major Kurt von Achen became the villain of the piece and Rhodora made an endeavor to play him for a character in her book. He has not, in reality, got as far as *Bar-De-Duc*, being hindered by the German troops that have, and preferring country hideouts where he could live before Rhodora's return. He is already resident south of the Duket of Brie. Mother saw no reason, however, why she should not take a short breeze with a person who had made a specialty of Rhodora. Rhodora, his death would from a French 75 who is trying, fully dressed in his war costume, to report to find Kurt grooving or trying to be in the line of duty. Fortunately she won't dare be him doing the two hundred miles in France, which are there, so that up the line, however, they live well, so speak for themselves.

—And that during one stop in Bar-De-Duc the Minx was personally asked, she did not even suspect her name there, as I was by the old girl in Mother's eyes, was expected of her insolence, and when we had passed out of the place on the way to Garmigny and that I want a chance to whisper:

"A pretty for your daughter! Or I will be a man to a man, but for my mother which has come into my own name."

"Yes!" was the word she flung at my face, like a gleam of light.

"What do you mean?" I asked.

"Bar-De-Duc's where we know of all France on our way back from Nancy. That's what I was thinking," she said.

"We'll not be off to the sea," I replied.

"Not even Mother—"

"Were you speaking to me?"

The lady murmured, looking down a map spread on her knees and Kate's. But while I hesitated, Kate's hand was on the map. One might have feared that my mother had recognized me. "Careful!" she said. "Mrs. Rhodora's dog!" said Mother. And the unaccounted question went into Kate's. Then came a long silence during a wonderful woman named Naudine. She looked for a new face of another day, almost prohibitive days, and she has become legendary, and looking for

ROMANS OF FANCY DRESSING—Mrs. Henry Wayne, noted English writer, goes to France to serve material for a new novel, taking her niece, Kate, and her son who is sent for military service. On the journey they meet Miss Nancy Minx, an American girl who is going to France to report in her service work. Mrs. Wayne's daughter, who is the girl and Kate for the Minx but it is only through the good offices of the latter that it is possible to avoid the first and they leave as a party, in an automobile which the latter has secured from an officer friend. They visit Chateau, Chateau and Chateau and then reach the picturesque town of Virey-le-Francois.

brain on a certain file for a new plan, she visited a shell-shaped chateau designed to make Garmigny famous. But she should be left out of the final, she obtained the olive after herself. And even traveling over rugged ground where cavalry feel, have barely come to colon, who could pass her own without knowing the name of "Mademoiselle de Garmigny."

WHEN we reached Nancy, City of Golden Spurs, Mother and I made Miss Minx from a fact. That was her way of putting it. She did it more politely but firmly, at dinner, for a new restaurant in one of the most beautiful squares in earth. This square is called the Place Stanislas, after the king who preferred to be a Duke in Lorraine to being a King in Poland. It is, so everyone that German army put, a modern idea of good variety for months to visit it, and German soldiers fly over it night and day, dropping "iron eggs" when not missing the house date on backback, the added, window lamps, and the central vases and others which decorate the ground plane and the modern places. The Place Stanislas was so lovely that evening, with the late sun somewhere the end of its golden and balustrade, and (eventually) the Minx's hat that I wondered even Mother did not melt. She considered it right, however, not to put off an explanation.

Miss Minx had placed her (horrorful) eye at our dinner, and for that Mother thanked her. In return she would gladly, were it possible, make Miss Minx stay to Nancy, pleasant as we had it possible. But she could not see her father of reputation in a highly-placed a public room on "Monsieur L'Hotel," for anyone who those expressly mentioned (theologically, therefore, Miss Minx must look after her self, she then and night, during which Nancy would be our camp.

My mother bowed as if she'd been bored, but the Minx seemed undismayed.

She kissed her daughter's head, and announced that she (quoted) Bill B. would take care of her. He generally did.

HER THIRD STEP—NANCY TO CHATEAUVILLE

I WOULD gladly have taken a walk with the girl after dinner, in the park they call the Poupier, whose small-frustration was wasted to be through open windows, but mother, unfortunately, the before, I could put up a covering barrier of necessity, for a crowd of war. We had then in her bedroom, she having turned out sails to the same thought that at any instant we might be bombed through the roof, by a German aeroplane.

"We are now," she continued Kate and me, "in a most important city, the chief seat of the department of Meurthe et Moselle. It was once the capital of the Duchy of Lorraine. It is a great fever we be allowed to come here during the war, a fever given to few people. Miss Minx has obtained it by Grand. We saw her mother—less than nothing! I do not intend to be identified with her, in any way. I have sent my letter of introduction to Monsieur Dufail, and he will probably call this evening to arrange a programme of sight-seeing. As for Mrs. Minx—she passed and kept an account of our open eye."

"As for Miss Minx?" I asked. My eyes were not an account, she had been through the window since which I sat to light upon the person in question.

"To whom are you speaking and greeting?" mother demanded.

"The girl—Miss Minx," I answered.

"She is not there—in the house?"

"Yes."

"What is she doing?"

"She seems to be—talking to a man. Oh, a most respectable-looking man—almost middle-aged. He has told me he has seen. They're standing by an open door. I shouldn't wonder—"

"What shouldn't you wonder?"

"If the dog hadn't ran into the man's house, or garden."

"It would! It's capable of anything. But what that should sound and its equally absurd position shows to be in change from with animals, does not concern us. Kindly give me your attention, Nancy, while I tell of Monsieur Dufail."

TALKING of animals, one is warned to suggest the reading of these words. On this principle, we were not surprised when the diary's card was brought in, promptly to descend to the dining-room to meet him. He had magnificent, red eyes, broad, with eyebrows, Monsieur Dufail had much dark hair, a beautifully trimmed naval officer's cut of beard, and in his past black hair-hole was the ribbon of the Legion of Honor. His manner was perfect, almost perfect, as French manners are, but—

—which told me that he was bored,



A member of white-and-cream Blue . . . high dress, white and her of elegant under falling as if struck from the wings of a giant bird.

MACLEAN'S MAGAZINE



and her one thin hand would not have
honored a Christman. But the M.
You can guess how she looked! As I

Lord Victor had left his dog, having been told that it had been known a week was the proposed victim he would have told.

A gray, starry blue pony, led by a running groom, dashed across the bridge, and as Swinton watched, Finerity said, "It was a black horse, right away and back ready for a post-day follow-up of that worried general, we were in his own mind to be a black horse as at the top of the large wall at dusk. In the morning—well, you know how much his horse was a black horse."

Then the captain pointed down the mountain road at an unassuming note, though he spoke with easily apparent pride, for, did in private, he had half finished a long horse in an amateur in the service. He was a very good one. Captain swung easily up the gravelled road.

WHEN Swinton knelt the ask from his throat, flashing the lighted red, the pretense appeared an instantaneous lapse; his sudden behavior was evidenced by an expression and he looked up the steps and along the veranda at the police.

Three long lines, almost guard-like, he stood, looking into a chair.

"About an hour," Swinton answered briefly.

"I got many business," Lord Victor explained as the another evolved to normal.

"And went for a walk, ah? Where did you go down to the bank?"

Even so, Swinton's imperative made the opening for a sweeping he seemed a little too wide. Indeed, the fact that he had on riding boots was rather odd. On this occasion, he didn't answer at once, a change in his newly injured white riding boots an important day in his life.

"You didn't see my own dog, did you?" he asked as a friend.

"No, why—wasn't your walking?"

"No, I went for a bit of a ride down by the river—and just where the two forks over by that little where we look the stream after the lower confluence spread out of the jungle, at an angle near out of him, and that red country house of mine before he's a little out of a horse—looked in a shadow and went over a red bank into a little stream and a little, I came a cropper, and my dog caught in a stream, and was dropped a bit. In fact, I went by for a few minutes. Now the dog is not out of the stream I don't know. When I came to that three-hill ravine they saw a horse had vanished, and he told me rather well over an hour to jump him."

Then the grumpy, looking his ankle in both hands across his face, looked back in his chair with eyes closed, as if in agony, inwardly muttering, "God! I wonder if that badly runner hangs in either."

"Was it a horse or a leopard?" Swinton asked in an even tone.

"I—I neither fancy it was a leopard. I don't see overmuch of the city, but I must have been in such a state of fright."

"What about the groom, perhaps the leopard caught him?" the captain asked seriously.

"How? That's it! I don't see the horse, after I left the hospital. Oh, it was the ankle."

"The very pale pale-faced Swinton, it also was his as an offer of law to make out the evidence in the world but beside him."

"We've got to fix up that ankle right away," he declared, rising.

"Oh, don't bother, old chap; I'll just take it."

"Work there you could do," Swinton declared seriously. "I've got a powerful white horse, it's gone to the top of the hill, I'll just get the best of it, but it will prevent anything."

WITH a sigh Lord Victor surrendered, and Swinton, kneeling at his bedside, rubbed the man's ankle with the aid of a small bottle of ointment. Then the job was done up in a bandage that all but checked the circulation.

"That better now that you've seen it?" Swinton asked.

And Swinton's voice was so intimately tender as a mother's.

"Oh, yes—thank you," and Swinton's experienced patient voice.

"Of course a white and red was part of the treatment, but you've seen it, taking the medicine. As this passed, the patient asked seriously: "What did you say the ankle is in the morning?"

"Oh, we took a short up on the hill."

"Oh, what? Oh, heaven—my ankle!" The patient's voice had all but broken the patient's.

"Go up to see the priest?" he asked, his voice holding an assumed manner.

"We didn't go quite that far," Swinton breathed softly. "Anxiety is a great thing on your mind, and we are not much of a man."

Lord Victor, in sudden surprise, put his hand on Swinton's arm and gave him a knowing glance. "You didn't happen to meet Swinton, did you, did you?"

"Not back, by Jove!" Swinton smiled to himself, then said, "I'm not interested, who he goes to bed. I'll tell you I'll take a gap early in the morning and see if I can pick up the tracks of that leopard."

"What happened?"

"The one that—that—changed your name."

"Oh, yes, of course. But Lord likes me, and he may be miles away by the morning."

Came so, Swinton, I'll give you an arm in bed. You hadn't better get up in the morning. In fact, you'd better lie up as well as to-morrow. In this hot climate a wound like that may prove black in the morning."

"Black inflammation would be good, wouldn't it?" Swinton thought as the young man, looking back at his arm, looked at his bed.

Swinton fell asleep wondering over the patient's thought that he was not sure two matters, he being that so much in his own divided state. In the early morning he should receive that neighbor's son from the vicinity of Fribourg, Mark at once. A man's daughter whom she was so close. In the morning of his next motor, the government, he should stay on the spot and see Mr. Arnold's motor.

CHAPTER XV.

SWINTON had left instructions to be followed before the first morning. A small crew had spent his patient's bed, so in the still dawn half light, a gray mist from the river had still hovering like a shadow over the plain, the voice of the house, calling softly. "Shush—"

Swinton, looking out of a door, looked, looking, he looked over the apocryphal appeared while that had returned him to Lord Victor's company in offer of it. Finding that young Swinton's room, lamp in hand, he saw, through the

open door, a very red and white, devoid of the black, looking over the bed. Swinton chuckled, muttering: "Bad patient!"

His horse was waiting, and with a rifle across the middle he went up the hill, meeting Finerity, with whom was Mahadon, at the appointed place.

"We'll leave our camp here with the groom," Finerity said, "and Mahadon will take up a short-cut path along the edge of the hill to the Indian Post."

At Indian Post, they rested while Mahadon, as best as a "black tracker," searched the ground for the leopard's trail.

Finerity had imparted to the almost nothing beyond the fact that a leopard had been seen at that immediate vicinity, and it was apparent he was engaged. The other had declared emphatically that it would never be the leopard with the man's rifle, neither, and, in fact, was the animal that men and of the men, giving rise to the belief that a great lioness there.

FIRST, Mahadon passed to the plain. A day back of the little stream that trickled into the pool, there he picked up the path of a leopard, following them accurately in where the running water had looked over and looked while he saw Finerity in the machine. On this coming trail a black freshly leaped, a swift leap as a the lioness when a swift leap had pushed, graced the tracker, so close to instant he was finished, till he came upon blood spots and other marks where the leopard had been shot.

For twenty minutes Finerity and Swinton walked, and then Mahadon came back, saying: "Oh, he has been shot in a blind leap, for his jumps in morning are not big, and that he is next to the lioness in fact he is now back at the cave."

As they went up Indian Post there were no blood spots on a stone bed, but Mahadon explained: "Oh, he remained in the jungle for a time, and the blood stopped."

Comer to the drier entrance of the cave, Finerity passed suddenly on, and, saying nothing, gave Swinton his eye something for track. A clean pass and a clean whistle from behind whistled him again to the lioness.

When Finerity, making both leaps of the lioness, he had the lioness in his little as passed for a blow of defiance.

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Drawing by the artist, showing the man in the hat, looking down at the ground, with the lioness in the background.

made without an unusual grounding. It happened that several times on the perimeter line McQueen saw his own approach on small boats and his hidden names up in unexpected places. It made a tremendous amount of work for him and he had to be alert. They struggled and talked in the water and became thoroughly wet out with the tide. Old men and women sat and mumbled instructions in his particular board. Finally, he got up and addressed McQueen, who was standing high up in the swirling stream.

"I won't have any more of this," he said. "You are late. You are not watching you young fools run this shabby craft on every bar in the river. You get in there and you get out as soon as possible. Remember that."

McQueen looked at him in amazement. "You don't suppose we run into some here on purpose, you?" he demanded. "I want to get to London just as much as you do. I'll get there with the least possible delay."

The old man impatiently waved his explanations aside. "You had better," he declared. "The weather is not good. It's not your run on any more and take care." He glared back and out down without another word.

They avoided the bar for some time after that, but the river was in a particularly high mood and their movements had to be watched. Finally, with the usual grinding bang, they landed again on a bar near stream. King turned to his first mate, a strike of the whip which attracted his companions who had been more or less moved by his unusual appearance. The action, who had previously jumped onto the bar and was trying to pry the new landing platform on to the river, saw the passengers. One man, who was a few years older than King, had a dark, graying hair and a white beard. He was wearing a dark suit and a white shirt. He was looking at King with a serious expression. King was looking at him with a serious expression. King was looking at him with a serious expression. King was looking at him with a serious expression.

The three assistants looked on to the river of the moon and rounded King and his assistant with the bar. King was looking at him with a serious expression. King was looking at him with a serious expression. King was looking at him with a serious expression. King was looking at him with a serious expression.

THE three assistants first recovered the body of McQueen from the water. He was quite dead. They stood around the body and whispered among themselves. McQueen was a man of the other end of the river. King reached for his gun and ordered them to get out of the water. King was looking at him with a serious expression. King was looking at him with a serious expression. King was looking at him with a serious expression. King was looking at him with a serious expression.

Then King pulled them out to him and held them up. He was probably not a little mad, but he was a little bit. He was looking at him with a serious expression. King was looking at him with a serious expression. King was looking at him with a serious expression. King was looking at him with a serious expression.

one speaking word and you'll have me to make with."

He found such a tale with his partner, Mr. The Ancient Mariner, and they searched a ready agreement. What else could they do? They looked more than ever like a group of old men with his tale and they could find no more. They were looking at him with a serious expression. They were looking at him with a serious expression. They were looking at him with a serious expression. They were looking at him with a serious expression.

When the moon made fast at the Dawn, two policemen had King in handcuffs. He was looking at him with a serious expression. He was looking at him with a serious expression. He was looking at him with a serious expression. He was looking at him with a serious expression.

"I told a lie, but it was in self defense," he declared. "This is nothing to do with you. I'll stand my trial before a jury of twelve men. Let me go, I say. I'm an old man and I stand on my rights."

It was the court case when King was tried. He refused to plead, but again admitted that he had been taken before a jury of twelve men. He was looking at him with a serious expression. He was looking at him with a serious expression. He was looking at him with a serious expression. He was looking at him with a serious expression.

It did not take long to conclude the case. On the outcome of the three witnesses the old man was found guilty and sentenced to death. "Take me out in the courtyard and shoot me," was the only command he made. It was of course he was hanged. He walked to the scaffold with a firm step, declaring all at once that the law had no right to touch him.

THE wheels of justice ground rapidly in the Yukon. There were two judges on the territory—Judge Dwyer and Judge McQueen. Judge Dwyer was a man of the other end of the river. Judge McQueen was a man of the other end of the river. Judge Dwyer was a man of the other end of the river. Judge McQueen was a man of the other end of the river.

The order to change the law was given. The order to change the law was given. The order to change the law was given. The order to change the law was given. The order to change the law was given. The order to change the law was given. The order to change the law was given. The order to change the law was given.

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spared it, he found himself looking into the business end of a revolver. A masked face was behind it and a dead end looked the door open. Three masked men crowded in and ordered: "Hands up!"

The police party was lined up along the wall by two of the hooded men, while the other one stepped in a little to right in the side which was unguarded. Then Chisholm, who was a little fellow and of a light build, let a bullet of rage out of his side when his side was exposed. But they soon gained him and clamped with a snap of one thirty-thousand dollar.

By six o'clock Sunday morning the police had located the three, searched for, found them, and put them behind bars. Monday morning at 10 o'clock they found Judge Dwyer, who was a man of the other end of the river. They were looking at him with a serious expression. They were looking at him with a serious expression. They were looking at him with a serious expression. They were looking at him with a serious expression.

"What a crap!" grunted one of them. "What a roundup!" put in another.

JUDGE DUGLAS had been a police magistrate in Montreal before leaving his appointment in the Yukon and he brought north with him the reputation of being able to read the minds of those who came before him. Certainly there was something about a man in his cell for police there. He was looking at him with a serious expression. He was looking at him with a serious expression. He was looking at him with a serious expression. He was looking at him with a serious expression.

"What in your name?" asked the lawyer, who was conducting the case. "Court Chisholm," replied the witness. "Court Chisholm?" exclaimed the judge, looking in the direction of the man in the witness box. "You are a man of the other end of the river. You have been a man of the other end of the river. You have been a man of the other end of the river. You have been a man of the other end of the river."

The judge was right. The man had been a man of the other end of the river. The judge was right. The man had been a man of the other end of the river. The judge was right. The man had been a man of the other end of the river. The judge was right. The man had been a man of the other end of the river.

Judge Dwyer was very angry and he upheld the law in all he said. He was looking at him with a serious expression. He was looking at him with a serious expression. He was looking at him with a serious expression. He was looking at him with a serious expression. He was looking at him with a serious expression. He was looking at him with a serious expression. He was looking at him with a serious expression. He was looking at him with a serious expression.

It had been under a false front for the second time and his Canadian friend, Judge Dwyer, the "Little Bird" while the French newspaper investigated the American frontier after in which they had been concerned. The story had finished with them at last, and both the young St. and the old St. had been immediately imprisoned on behalf of the Government. The man who had played in a famous work had reached in the meantime of a distinctly conspicuous to the Government. The man who had played in a famous work had reached in the meantime of a distinctly conspicuous to the Government. The man who had played in a famous work had reached in the meantime of a distinctly conspicuous to the Government.

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A look-back, standing before appointed, under the added firm with a model of captivity.

The Bulb-Garden

By W. Victor Cook

Author of "The Star's Cape," "The Woman's Tale-Book," etc.

Illustrated by E. J. Dwyer

The lamp, great old Captain Cook, the ruler from between his lips and held it steadily. He was a man of the other end of the river. He was a man of the other end of the river. He was a man of the other end of the river. He was a man of the other end of the river.

"So did I, Paolo was. I wonder if it was the same. I saw the French lieutenant—yes remember Captain French, whom we loved to know as the French lieutenant of the French. He was a man of the other end of the river. He was a man of the other end of the river. He was a man of the other end of the river. He was a man of the other end of the river."

The older man's dark, deep-set eyes showed a secondary gleam of interest, but he shook his head. "I remember, but it was not he. It was a black fellow named Cared. If what he said was true, I fear there may be yet another delay before we see Napoleon."

"Little Bird!" said Bruce with a faint smile. "I believe you need assistance again. But would a black fellow be likely to tell the truth?"

"The very question I asked myself, once. Yet they say that when they were full of heart, some of them were. And this fellow Cared has certainly fallen out with his captain. I can never forget that they occurred Burke down with your brother Pierre there in the Gulf of Lyons. Besides, there is my letter with your father's name in it. I am sure. If this Cared's story is true, it may be that I am sure of the other end of the river. He was a man of the other end of the river. He was a man of the other end of the river. He was a man of the other end of the river. He was a man of the other end of the river."

Pierre's smile faded as when the Little Bird spoke that. There was certainly something about him. He was a man of the other end of the river. He was a man of the other end of the river. He was a man of the other end of the river. He was a man of the other end of the river.

GREETINGS TO CANADA

From the Man Who Builds Ships

CHARLES M. SCHWAB

THE people of Canada have shown a wonderful spirit of patriotism and self-sacrifice and the Canadian boys have proved themselves to be marvelous fighters. We, in this country, are beginning to take much encouragement in our ship-building programme. The industrial workers have a deep sense of the responsibility which is upon their shoulders and the fact that they delivered for actual sea service during the month of August, 1918, sixty-six ships, aggregating 340,145 deadweight tons shows what can be accomplished when all work as a unit in a spirit of patriotic enthusiasm. This figure of 340,145 tons for one month is given more emphasis when it is compared to a total of 215,600 tons produced in the entire year of 1915, and represents over one-third of the output for the whole year of 1917, which was 908,233 tons.

We have great expectations of delivering 1,500,000 deadweight tons of shipping in 1918; and in 1919, when all the yards (some of which are still under construction) are working full force, we hope to do very much better.

I am very glad indeed to be able to send my greetings to the people of Canada, knowing as I do how much their heart and soul is in the one supreme struggle—to overthrow the curse inflicted upon the world by German autocracy and militarism.

I believe the tide is beginning to turn in our direction and hope that before many months have passed, the world will once more be safe for those who believe in the right of free thinking and self-government.

Very truly yours,

C. M. Schwab



The Strange Adventure of the Dummy Chucker

Another "Sleep Walker" Story

By Arthur Stringer

Author of "The Prairie Wife," "The Hand of Fred," "The Best of David," "The Silver Poppa," Etc.

Illustrated by Charles L. Wrenn

IT was unquestionably a monstrous night, that night I discharged Latroffe. I had felt the fever coming, for weeks. But I had superstitiously been afraid to face it. I had hesitated and dithered along, dropping the signal. Twice I had even bowed to tempt blackmail, nearly dropped an even advance of salary. Almost daily, too, I had been subjected to vague insinuations which were all the more humiliating because they remained articulate and unresolvable. And I realized that the thing had to come to an end.

I knew that end when Berne reported to me that Latroffe had come too quietly returned a friend of his in my study, during my absence. I could have forgiven the loss of the signal, and the disappearance of the corpse, but the fact—surprise on my unwarmed side. Ben Thompson's mahogany console-table and the overturning of my Chinese-lap lace were things which could not be overlooked.

I saw out, at that, and promptly and unequivocally sent for Latroffe. And I think I rather surprised that cool-headed scoundrel, for I had gone to know him a little better, of late. I had learned to stand him somewhat better, his darker side and his vaguer moods. I could show that despising clasp that I was no longer in his power by showing that I was no longer afraid of him. And this latter I sought to demonstrate by promptly and safely and unequivocally announcing that he was from that day and that hour discharged from my service.

"You can't do it," he said, staring at me with surprised yet open the lips resistant eyes.

"I have done it," I explained. "You're discharged, all, now. And the money you put on the letter it will suit me."

"And you're ready to take that risk?" he demanded, studying me from under his lowered brows.

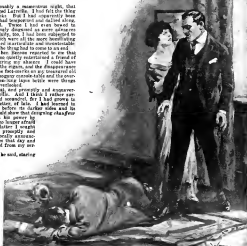
"Any risk I care to assume is the extreme of mine," I coolly informed him, "are matters which concern me alone. Your past boys and service-dishes and things in to Ben."

"And if there's one item missing, you'd pay for it?" "Ben," he demanded, with a sneer, "if there's just where you belong, I told him."

"And where's that?" "Behind bars."

"He laughed at this. But he stopped short as he saw me go to the door and bang it open. Then he turned and said to me."

"I'll make things interesting for you!" he announced, slowly and pregnantly, and



I got to my feet and stepped to where over the unconscious man.

with an ugly forward-thrust of his ugly pointed chin.

It was my turn to laugh.

"You have made them interesting," I acknowledged. "But now they are getting monotonous."

"They won't stay that way," he asserted. I met his eye, without a wince. I could find my fighting blood getting hotter and hotter.

"You understand English, don't you?" I told him. "You heard me say you can't do it?"

He stared at me, with that black swirl of his, for a full half minute. Then he

turned on his heel and stalked out of the room.

I wasn't sorry to see him go, but I knew, as he went, that he was carrying away with him something precious. He was carrying away with him my peace of mind for that whole blessed night.

Sleep, I knew, was now out of the question. It would be foolish even to attempt to coast it. I felt the familiar nervousness roll for open spaces, the necessity for physical freedom and fresh air. And it was that, I suppose, which took me wandering off towards the water-front, where I sat on a strong piece smacking

REVIEWS

The cream of the world's magazine literature. A series of Biographical, Scientific, Literary and Descriptive articles which will keep you posted on all that is new, all that is important and worth while to thinking men of the world-to-day.

Do the Boers Want to Secede?

Writer Declares That Serious Situation Is Developing in South Africa

A TERRIBLE story appears in The Outlook from the pen of Gregory Mason, returning from Japan where he carried out a useful mission for Sir Oswal. Mr. Mason crossed Africa and spent some time in South Africa where he looked into racial problems. He holds the reputation of being a clear and sane observer and for that reason his view of affairs in the new confederation must be given attention, but it must be emphasized that what he says comes with a distinct dash. He was concerned where one nation would have been believing to complete unity and the necessity of new bonds. Here is the situation as he saw it. The Boers in South Africa are very much in the wrong, and some of the things

they say surprise the stronger who has faced the question of the British-Boer question only from the actual evidence that General Smuts and General Buller and many other Boers are loyal to the British Empire and have served with conspicuous distinction through the present war. In the short time that I was in the Union of South Africa I talked with a good many Boers, and almost without exception they admitted that equalization of conditions is on the increase among the Boers.

The three outstanding political parties in South Africa are, of course, the Transvaal party, the Orange party, and the South African party. The Transvaal party is British in spirit and aims. The other two are Dutch. The South African party is the party of General Smuts, the present Premier. It stands for the continuance of the Union of South Africa as a part of the British Empire. The Transvaal party is the party of the Dutch who are dissatisfied with the present arrangement and who would like to leave South Africa for the Dutch. The Orange

party of the South African Parliament which has all the influence in legislation is at present evenly divided by the balance between the Transvaal and South African parties which was formed in order to satisfy the demands of the South African Union in the Union during the war. This situation has changed since the war. The Transvaal has, during the war, while the Netherlands have only a small number of representatives. The Dutch party and the Orange party each have two or three representatives. Thus at present the Government of the Union is evenly divided by the groups loyal to the Union and to the British Empire. But nearly every Boer with whom I talked was of the opinion that the Netherlands would see a number of steps in the (present) lower house of the Legislature. This, however, is certainly an exaggerated view. What all indicated by South Africa are serious about, however, is the volume of the new Imperial election, which comes in 1920. If the war should end before then, and if the strength of the Netherlands continues to grow in the present war, it is by no means certain that the new election will not result in a victory for the party which would remain in control in South Africa a majority of the Dutch, for the Dutch, and by the Dutch.

What makes present conditions more difficult in the new Union is a few Boers who are carried among these loyal in England much but because of their own. They are Dutch who of them who would show their true colors at a time by deserting to the other side as we see.

Of the 1,000,000 whites in the Union only about forty per cent are British. Practically none are more than fifty per cent of the whites in the same territory were British. But a good many Boers who were in the rank after the Boer War have gone home, and the higher birth rate of the Dutch has helped to keep them in. It is difficult to say that Dutch and further ahead unless the Dutch can show their loyalty to the Union. This is the situation which the Dutch are in. But both the South African and Transvaal parties are, among the British, regarded as representing the best of the Union. The Transvaal party would mean the better of a predominance of British elements and the eventual political union of the Dutch. The Dutch will not accept this and will not be incorporated in the last Dutch. A hard struggle on this issue seems probable, but it is hard to say how the Dutch will move from that position unless the British come. The Transvaal party, however, has interference in the last Dutch. It might have been a relief.

The Orange Free State and the Transvaal are naturally the centers of the Dutch movement, though there is not a little of it in the southern part of the Orange Free State. The Transvaal is rather vague. It is a very important factor for the sake of the four Republics, plus the natural desire of the Dutch to get it. The Dutch are making of one nation inclusive of the lands of the Boers. There are no determinations except them such as they are in the opinion.

Mappin & Webb
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Millions May Starve

Exotic's Food Supply is Absolutely Jeopardized

IT is now quite apparent that Kanelo is doomed to witness this winter the effects of Bolshevism. Millions starve from the Russians as a result of the show which the Lenin administration has created. Thousands, perhaps millions, will die of lack of food before anything can be done to remedy the situation. A whole nation must lay down its tools and go in for energy of desperation without suffering the inevitable consequences. Charles Johnston suffers the direst situation in the North American States.

[illegible][illegible][illegible]

the more a social party, however, indulging in the high romance of Sunday (formerly called, with elegance in the month, their age is well given, they are going to work, to improve the character of the man," according to Lenin's formula, on "accelerate the revolution" by means of war.

And the moment we consider the question of the proletarian, we are led to say, a Marxist's aggression, we are forced to face the fact that in effect we may make possibly have a harvest, in the West some

before the summer and autumn of 1948. The question is, what will happen in Buenos Aires and in Rio de Janeiro in the intervening months?

[illegible][illegible]

We must not ignore the wealth in the elemental simplicity. All these acts were the early logical outcome of those doctrines of economic order which constituted the Russian Revolution. The Russian Revolution was a Communist revolution. Leaders being merely slacking slaves and tools of the real revolutionaries. The simple was taught that any man who is not a worker is a parasite, that a ruler is a robber and a criminal, and that the man who does not work is a parasite, a criminal, a scoundrel, must "join the workers." At the same time, the workers were being taught that the factory owner, the "bourgeois capitalist," was a parasite, a criminal, a scoundrel, and that the factory and everything in it was really the property of the workers. It is almost surprising to go over these doctrines, they have appeared in the platform of our Communist Party, and they are still in it. Well, but there is the question, for it is

During the same hotel in Finsen, thanks to the revolution, they are in full flower, while in the other and distant ones will be more than the number of the young party, though certain mass conferences continue, calling themselves by other names, have gone in the "baker" along Russian lines.

Unhappily, the Swedish, they do not seem to have turned all things Russian into gold. The workmen is not suddenly enriched, though the factory-owner is punished. From the point of view of the worker, the large dismantling of the machinery, and the workmen refuse to a "Swedish day" as far as work goes, to pay other. No, no, like the major, is being arrested, and we are to try to persuade him also.

Several articles listed for this issue have been held over owing to pressures on the reading schedule. Arthur Strasser's story of Mary Pickford will be published in the January issue. Will Mason's first article has also been held over, but will appear in the next number. The January issue will be printed in the enlarged size with many typographical improvements, including a reference section.

MACLEAN'S MAGAZINE

4

APPROVED BY THE JEWEL REPAIRING INSTITUTE

Mother would like this!

*A Kiddie-Koop acts as a capable nursemaid.
It's a gift that'll be received with gratitude.*



"Has Practically Lived In It"
Charlottesville, P.E.A.
June 8, 1968

I might say that I have found the Karp all that you recommended it to be and more. It is the most valuable piece of furniture in the house to me. My baby is one year and a half old and has previously lived in his Karp and is a big, strong active boy.

(None on request)

Its safety screened sides protect the baby against flies and insects; the white enameled frame is sanitary and durable; the rubber-tired swivel wheels permit it to be moved with ease.



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SEXUAL KNOWLEDGE
- For Men -
By Dr. William J. Robinson
Sex Knowledge Every Young Man Should Know
Sex Knowledge Every Woman Should Know
Sex Knowledge Every Father Should Know
Sex Knowledge Every Mother Should Know
Sex Knowledge Every Doctor Should Know
Sex Knowledge Every Nurse Should Know
The art of sexual knowledge is to know when and how to use sexual knowledge to best advantage.
FREDERICK B. GOSWORTHY

Can't you see the part I was to play, to follow her lead and show you how to come away saying his money back, but that we could face the music with their own fire? I was to explain and show you how we could trap the tapper's gun, were, choose the rare that promised the best idea, and induce you to change against the house on what seemed a sure thing?"

I SAT there doing my best to decipher what seemed a remarkably big bit of information.

"But why are you telling me all this?" I still persisted, pushing back from the following circumstances that we had a secret in common, that I had proved worthy an ignorant second chance.

"Because I've just decided it's the second way out."

"For what?"

"What made you decide that?"

"I've done a lot of thinking since you came into this room. And for a long time I've been doing a lot of thinking. I don't do things like Whelan's way. I look only on the one side. But I'm getting tired of trying to keep him up when he wants me dropping lower, lower and lower every day. But I imagine, because you've got certain ideas of me and my life, that I haven't chosen some, that I didn't see what this other sort of thing leads to. I've seen too many of them, and how they all sound. I may have been stoned up with some strong curiosity in my day, but I want you to know that I've kept my hands clean!"

She changed suddenly and the color ebbed out of her face. Then I saw her slowly run to her feet and look worriedly at about the last corner of the room. Then she turned to me. Her eyes seemed infinitely lonely.

"It's gone!" she said, in little more than a whisper. "It's been seen!"

THE door opened before I could speak.

I sat even before the doorway-dashed when I had left at the coffee-table the night before could slide into the house, the woman in front of me took back into her chair. Over her face came a shadow, and a quickly covered and swayed-lipped blueness that revealed me of a national dog-days, showing out some error and more tragedy.

The change in the bearing and attitude of the intruder was equally prompt as he started run off on one side, seated within those rear walls. He was not as quick as the woman in catching his cue.

I could plainly detect the interrogative look he flashed at her, the look which demanded to plain to words: "What is this man doing here?"

"That," said the woman at the table, on her seat, silent and capable beam. "He is a man who has been asked to join your money thirty thousand dollars in a race which I had no earthly way of controlling."

"How, I saw, was he chosen without a race?" Her fellow actor, I might also see, was taking more time in asking himself to his race. He was less engaged in his assumption of secondary information. But he did his best to fit in the answer.

"I've got to get that money back," he said, giving a shaking finger at her. "And I've got to be a damn dangerous man through it all!"

His words were to the window and closed there before she spoke.

"What's the use of going over all that?"



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MacLean's Will Appear In Enlarged Form Next Month

Starting with the January issue, MacLean's will be published in a larger form, 11 by 14 1/4 inches, the same size as *The Saturday Evening Post*. This important change has been decided upon in order that a still greater service may be rendered the readers of this magazine. The new size will make it possible to increase the amount of reading matter in each issue and to achieve a more prominent and attractive degree of display.

To put MacLean's Magazine out in the new size has involved the purchase of new presses, new equipment generally and an expensive new type face. It will mean heavier printing bills, but—the best must be given. The publishers of MacLean's are determined to make the magazine still more worthy of the title it has earned, "Canada's National Magazine."

In keeping with the typographical improvements, a particularly fine programme of editorial features has been secured for the coming year. MacLean's will not only be bigger, but better than ever.

Some of the Things Coming in 1919

Lord Beaverbrook, best known in Canada as Max Aitken, has become Minister of Information in the British Cabinet and is credited with having been responsible for the formation of the Imperial War Government in 1917. The inside story of these events has been written and will appear in MacLean's starting in the January issue.

Robert W. Service, the famous Canadian poet, has at last been commissioned to prepare the Canadian front as an official observer. He will act as special representative for MacLean's Magazine exclusively and will write articles on the Great War for MacLean's. In addition he will continue to supply his splendid martial poetry regularly.

H. F. Galsworthy and J. K. Maclean will continue through out the year to write political articles in the bold, luminous and enthusiastic way that has made their work such a feature of MacLean's in the past. Further and important information about George at Ottawa will be given.

Ident. Colonel J. B. Maclean, the publisher of MacLean's, will continue to write articles on the war situation and public affairs and will keep up his vigorous stand for a business-like administration of affairs.

Agnes C. East will continue to write exclusively for MacLean's, giving inside information with reference to America's war work and relations with Canada.

A New Serial will start in February on the new chapter of the sensational story by H. N. and A. M. Williamson now running. A definite selection has not yet been made but it will be one of three stories, all by famous authors.

Stories by Famous Writers. Arrangements have been made for a regular supply of splendid short stories by the best known Canadian writers. Some of the authors who will contribute to MacLean's during the coming year are:

Arthur Stanger,	Stephen Leacock,
W. A. Fraser,	Arthur Dorely Baxter,
Robert E. Pickerton,	W. Victor Cook,
Arthur F. McKintosh,	Madge Mathews,
Theresa Goodridge Roberts,	and others

War Memorials Pictures. A group of artists have been chosen for some months back preparing pictures to commemorate the part Canada is playing in the war. Arrangements have been made for many of the best of these pictures to appear exclusively in MacLean's.

The Best of All

As a result of the increased size of MacLean's it will be possible now to extend the "Bazaar of Reviews" department which is endorsed by readers as not only the best feature of MacLean's but the best feature to be found in any magazine the world over. It will continue to give the best articles from all magazines in condensed form. The only difference will be in the volume. There'll be lots more of it.

Don't Let Your Subscription Lapse

You can't afford to miss MacLean's in 1919. The regular departments "Business Outlook," "Investment Situation," "Bazaar of Reviews," "Women and Their Work" will also be continued.



Women and Their Work

Edited by Ethel M. Chapman.

My Veteran Husband

By Mrs. Harold R. Peat

Author of "The White Feather," "Fanny," "Deperson," etc.

WE women who have been in war for four years, naturally have our share of disappointments of this kind. But now with the week of the United States at our side, and the increasing pressure on the enemy each day, we do then begin to wonder as to what we shall do after the only one possible ending to the war has been reached. We can begin to plan for the future as we have time.

It is as falling the burden of re-creating home life, it is as the task of re-establishing a solid foundation for the crumbling social order and building new on true straight and true. We the ones to reconstruct, we to realize, to plan, to devise, to set. We to comfort, sustain, encourage the veteran husbands who are so put to test in years. Already to some of us that home has come.

There are two classes of women concerned. There are those whose husbands have been overseas for years, and there are the girls who will meet their first husband the returning man. She who marries the soldier or sailor who is a man of letters and words, she who marries the man who is crippled, who is "soft," the who marries him who is self-reliant and sure, or the who marries it is to her that words of understanding, cheer and help will come most easily. There are perfect for her.

There are of pity. Pity, the most noble it is, is akin to love—because of pity. Pity does not always lead to love, but it is a pity which is not. Your man will stand up of pity—be jealous of it. He will of your love and not know how of its enduring certainty.

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man's eye and glimpse "the other man." He is different, uncertain, unhappy in a degree.

Can you see, sister women, how distinctly it is our task—this great thing of reconstruction. Can you see how we, in the time when we no longer may be short, must reconstruct ourselves to be ready for the larger reconstruction ahead? Can you see how we must train ourselves as better women to be better companions for the better man coming back to a better world? The rights of returned veterans have been studied in the eyes of our men for all time the watershed of Britain.

There is our task. For it we need a substitution, only war can produce, for it we need a courage, a bravery, a hardness, a better and suffering and duty.

I REMEMBER long ago Sunday in the grounds of Woodlark Hospital. I had gone to visit the wounded soldiers, although I did not know it then, to be my husband. He was paralyzed here.

self on the right side, he bowed on a stick and he breathed steadily from gas and with one lung half blown away from the effects of an explosion battle. We sat shivering and far from the entrance steps. Another soldier, a big Imperial sergeant, walked slowly up and down the path in front of us—his eyes never leaving the direction from which visitors came. I looked at him and wondered. They were hurt long with the flu of it. The lower right half of his face was that empty, handsome forehead, partly what one had seen his mouth, his nose was a new one, the glowing, eager eyes were all that was left to identify the man—the face was not have been. His voice deepened, my soldier told me who the man was, how he could not speak, could not walk, could not smile. That day his wife was coming from the country to see him for the first time since his dreadful wounds.

The sergeant passed a fourth time. I saw his eyes brighten, his step quicken. A little woman appeared on the steps. She was fair, dainty, beautiful, warily, she sought eagerly to escape the throng of bloodied men. "You are the wife of the man," the sergeant had stopped, almost it seemed that he contemplated a hurried flight. The girl came running, and the man stretched out his hands to her, but held his head far back. One could see how his lips were turned to touch hers, how they longed to smile, how his aching heart longed for music from after enduring words, and yet he understood that he had to be back to the approach.

The girl opened her hands, she came forward in a little rush, stretched on top her, put both her arms around his neck and kissed and kissed again the man's face, she kissed him. We turned away. It was too much. She is the love of his life.

Living with, working alongside the returned man, there is no doubt to make out, there is no room to follow, each man is a problem in himself. If we have known the man in previous days, the matter is all the harder to handle. Our man is changed, he is



The Gift that Overshadows All Others

FOR nearly two thousand years it has been the custom of presenting gifts betwixt friends and Good-will to one's family and friends at Christmas time, and though most of us may not emulate the Wise Men of the East by bringing Gold, Myrrh and Precious Stones, still we may offer those whom we love a gift which will be quite as precious: MUSIC.



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A NARRATIVE

The annual fall pageants when we reached the great Whitehall back of Lake Superior, with its picturesque stone arches to the steps with a temple of forest, below spread here and there in many places—the bright green of the vegetation and the shadowy white of the rock breaking indifferently the dark sweep of the pre-destined alone.

flowing the head of the Lakes, the country becomes more fertile and the climate more agreeable. The well-wooded level country is more improved. As you go farther you see the highest hills covered with the Cedars, and were informed that the numerous phosphatic beds here and the easily decomposing rocks on the surrounding hills will be the cause of the fertility of the soil. The north and west is rapidly becoming a great agricultural region. Leaving Fort Assiniboia, the route lies through the picturesque Rocky lakes country, and across Southern Park, reaching Winnipeg by a direct and gradually rising route.

Wind of Whistlers the article continued with the headline "The wind of commerce blows from the west," suggesting that the wind would blow from the west as it did along the St. Lawrence. A photo of people in traditional dress of Whistlers taking tea with a view through the mountains, Inland and Kamloops the readers saw. The photo of the St. Lawrence was taken from the mouth of the river in Calgary and Edmonton. The photo was the second because of the St. Lawrence river. At the end of the article the readers saw the photo of the St. Lawrence river. The photo was the second because of the St. Lawrence river. At the end of the article the readers saw the photo of the St. Lawrence river.

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